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## STOREHOUSE NOR BARN.

BY HOLMES FREEMAN.

No storehouse nor barn have we,  
And winter so close at hand,  
With the chilling shadow of want  
Cast darkly over the land;  
And cometh with morning light  
A deeper and darker dread,  
That harder and fiercer will be—  
The struggle for daily bread.  
No storehouse nor barn have we—  
The fluttering birds of the air;  
No voice to make known our wants,  
With hunger our only prayer.  
Yet God feedeth us day by day  
As the light of the morn comes round,  
And never without His leave  
Shall one of us fall to the ground.  
O Saviour, I hear Thy voice  
In these happy birds of the air,  
Who sow not, gather, nor reap,  
Yet lack not a Father's care.  
They trust to a guiding Hand,  
Which feedeth them day by day;  
What want they with storehouse or barn?  
And are we not better than they?

## OUR LORD'S SACRIFICIAL PRAYER.

BY REV. M. S. TERRY, D. D.

In all sacred literature there will not be found a production more wonderful than the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel. Other Scriptures may exhibit more of outbursting passion; other prayers may show more of the earthly and the human; other hallowed strains display more of rhetorical beauty; but here is a production impressively unique. It breathes the very sweetness of love, and a pathos so human and yet so heavenly as to hold us spell-bound by its deep, strange power, and make us feel as in the presence of a holy of holies, where all human wisdom should be dumb. It is the utterance of our Holy Mediator, calm and self-confident as one conscious of all wisdom and power, and yet tremulous with a tenderness that takes in all human wants as by a single intuition. "He prays," says Schaff, "as the mighty Intercessor and Mediator, standing between earth and heaven, looking backward and forward, and comprehending all His present and future disciples in one holy and perfect fellowship with Himself and the Eternal Father. The words are as clear and calm as a mirror, but the sentiments as deep and glowing as God's fathomless love to man, and all efforts to exhaust them are in vain." See many other tributes in Lange's Commentary.

No sermon, no exposition, no paraphrase of this most wondrous prayer is so useful as a careful and devout study of its own simple and impressive language. To lead others, especially critical students, to a more thorough study of this sacred strain, we submit the following version, which, though cast in the form of English blank verse, follows in the main the exact order of the Greek words, and is a literal and accurate transcript of the original, according to the text of Tischendorf.

Father, the hour has come; glorify Thy Son, In order that the Son may glorify Thee; (2) as Thou gavest him authority Of all flesh, that all which Thou hast given him, These he may give eternal life. (3) And this is the eternal life, that they know Thee, The only true God, and whom Thou didst send, Jesus Christ. (4) I Thine glorified on the earth, The work I finished which Thou hast given me To accomplish; (5) and now glorify me, O Father, with Thyself, the glory which Before the world was I possessed with Thee. (6) I manifested Thy name to the men Whom Thou didst give me from the world. Thine own They were, and unto me Thou gavest them, And Thy word they have kept; (7) now have them glorify Thee, That all things which Thou hast given unto me From Thee are; (8) for the words which Thou gavest me I have given them, and they received, and knew Truly that from Thee I came, and believed That Thou didst send me forth. (9) I for them pray; Not for the world do I pray, but for whom Thou hast given me, because Thine own they are, (10) and all things that are mine are Thine, Mine, and I have been glorified in them. (11) And no more am I in the world, and these In the world are, and I come to Thee. O holy Father, keep them in Thy name Which Thou hast given me, that they may be One even as we. (12) When I was with them, I kept them in Thy name which Thou hast given me; Also I guarded, and none from them Went to perdition, but perdition's son, In order that the Scripture might be filled. (13) But now to Thee I'm coming, and these I say in the world that they may have joy

Made 'fall in them. (14) I have given them Thy word, And the world hated them, for they are not Of the world, as I am not of the world. (15) I say not that Thou take them from the world, But that Thou keep them from the evil one. (16) Of the world they are not, as I am not Of the world. (17) Sanctify them in the truth; Thy word is truth. (18) As me Thou didst send forth Into the world, I also send them forth Into the world; (19) and for them sanctify Myself, that they may also be in truth. Sanctified. (20) Nor for these pray I alone, But also for those who believe in Me Through thy word, (21) that all one may be, as Thou, Father, in me, and I in Thee, that also They in us be, that the world may believe That Thou didst send me forth. (22) And I the glory Which Thou hast given me have given them, That they may be one even as we are one; (23) I in them and Thou in me, that they be Perfected into one, that the world know That Thou didst send me forth, and didst love them. Even as Thou didst love me. (24) O Father, what Thou hast given me, I will that where I am They also be with me, that they may see My glory, which Thou hast given me, for Thou Lovest me before the founding of the world. (25) O righteous Father! And the world These knew not! But I Thine knew, and these did know that Thou Didst send me forth; (26) and I made known to them Thy name, and will make known, that the love which Thou lovest me in them be, and I in them.

## NANTUCKET.

BY REV. M. TAYLOR, D. D.

Yes, I could go to Nantucket and read the "Birch Canoe" for a consideration. "When?" "Why, any time except—." But fix your time in early autumn, as home has strong attractions for me in the cold, stormy season of winter. And so, after a correspondence like that of two old-time diplomats, one of whom is tempting the other to "knock this chip off my shoulder," it was decided that I should go to Nantucket in November.

After it was all settled and that premature cold wave swept down upon us from Hyperborea, my heart failed me when I thought of where Nantucket was, and how one was to reach it. Out in the Atlantic, a part way to Europe, and by steamship! Then I remembered of having been told, when in New Bedford, of a terrible winter when for six long weeks the inhabitants were frozen in, and had no communication with the world without. Then I remembered to have read of islands which have been washed away by one great storm. I am ashamed to confess I grew nervous, and was tempted to write and recall the engagement. But the time drew on, and I "screwed my courage to the sticking place," and started.

What a lovely spring day—more May than November! The "cold wave" had broken upon the warm bosom of the Atlantic, and was calmed. I was in high spirits, and somewhat ahead of the time-table. At the station I met my old friend and neighbor, the venerable Josiah Quincy. "To Nantucket, eh? Thirty years ago," said he, "I went to Nantucket with some gentlemen for some sort of a scientific or educational meeting, and the kind people urged us to remain for a few days, but we were anxious to get off. We went in a small sloop which ran as a packet between New Bedford and the island. The hope of the citizens was a head wind the next day, so as to detain us. This, they said, they had a way of bringing about. Find a young woman who has a black cat, induce her to put tabby under a wash-tub over night, and the wind would be sure to be ahead the next day. Well, the young people searched around, and at last found a little girl who had a black kitten which was put under a tub; and sure enough, the next morning the wind was dead ahead, and we were kept there three days."

I stepped into the cars, and as we rolled away, faintly heard the warning cry, "Beware of black cats and"—"young women and wash-tubs." I added, as I settled myself in my seat for a seventy miles' ride. Still as we went on the story of the sage of Quincy ran in my thoughts, and black cats, young women and wash-tubs kept chasing each other through my brain, and I caught myself raising the question, What if a head wind arises, and—"Nonsense!" I said, "there's a steamer now, and not an old sloop, to transport you." Yes, I

know, said caution, but suppose there are lots of young women, and lots of black cats, and lots of wash-tubs, might they not combine to raise such a storm as even the good ship "Island Home" would hesitate to encounter? "Conductor, what time does the next train for Boston meet us?" "Not until 2 o'clock this afternoon, or after we get to Wood's Holl."

I resigned myself to my fate, and settled back into my seat, and as I cannot read in the cars, fell into a fit of musing. We were on board the steamer and running at full speed into the harbor of Nantucket, when, all at once, directly in the course of the ship, appeared a huge wash-tub, fifty feet in diameter at least, and crowded with beautiful young girls each of whom had a black cat by the tail, which they were swinging round their heads with a most deafening caterwauling and chorus of female voices. I could just distinguish the words:—

"Dash the Birch Canoe ashore,  
She from hence departs no more;  
When the black cat hidden lies  
We to him who from us flies.  
Coward, fearing old Nantucket,  
Here at last he kicks the bucket."

"We shall be on them in a moment," I screamed. "Hard down your helm! Stop her!" "Wo-o-o-d-s Holl-l!" yelled a voice. The train stopped, and I awoke.

Wood's Holl is the terminus of this branch of the Old Colony Railroad. When I was a resident of New Bedford, and passed this point to the Vineyard, it was Wood's Holl. What is now Vineyard Haven was called Holmes' Hole, and another passage among these islands was Quick's Hole; but culture has affected even our railroads, and the erudite directors of this road have, by patient and profound research, discovered that Hole should be spelled Holl. This is an old Norse or Scandinavian term signifying a hill, or a valley—I have forgotten which—and so they have painted the sign on this station, "Wood's Holl." Some old, or young, resident of this ancient borough, not having the fear of the corporation before his eyes, has erased the last l, and chalked an e in its place.

While taking a "hasty plate" of clowder in the saloon, I heard a distant whistle, and on going out there was the grand old steamer "Island Home" coming into the wharf. Built expressly for this rough route, this steamer is as strongly constructed as oak and iron combined could do. "Her shaft is as large again as is needed," everybody said when first seen, but in all her rough winter work it has never been broken.

One old salt, Capt. Manter, was also especially created to run on this wild winter way. Cradled in these restless waters, he has grown up to be familiar with every cape, cove, rock, shoal, head-land, island and current on this coast and in this sound. I think he has always been here, and may have piloted Gosnold when he discovered this beautiful archipelago in 1602 and attempted an English settlement on one of these islands which he named Elizabeth. Indeed, you ask one of the old men one meets in the streets of this quaint old town, "How long Captain Manter has sailed these waters?" and he looks at you with a kind of pitying light in his eyes, as he answers slowly, "Always." Quiet, genial, attentive, prompt, Capt. Manter has won the affection and secured the confidence of the numerous patrons of this route.

"All aboard! Cast off the bow-line!" and we are off. Only a half dozen passengers, as summer travel is over and pleasure-seekers have flitted. Our tickets are passed to the affable and smiling clerk, Mr. Nathan Paine, and by this time we are coming to the Oak Bluffs landing. But ah! how changed! The crowd is gone, and only two or three dilapidated horses are on the wharf. The excitement is over, and the closed cottages look like a city of the dead.

Off again; and now our noble steamer puts her nose out into the broad Atlantic, as if snuffing her island home. Soon we sink the land behind us, and look upon a wide waste of waters, with here and there a sailing mark for port. An hour's run, and lo! a small speck of something on the horizon ahead. Is it a

cloud in the east? Slowly it rises out of the blue waters; it is the lone isle, alone in its solitude. I notice now the man at the wheel seems unusually watchful. Capt. Manter with glass in hand is at his post in the wheel-house. "Port a little! Steady, so." No danger here, of course, with all this breadth of water; oh, no! but the shoals and the bar. There's a way which must be found, or we are cradled in sand. I see now a long line of buoys (don't print boys), which mark the line of the channel, or where it should be; for one storm, and the bar is somewhere else. "Slow her!" and ti-n-kle-tinkle goes the bell in the engine-room, and the wheels revolve slowly as we pass the first buoy. There's a thud, and the ship stops, as she comes down upon the sand. "Black cats," I said to myself; "here we are till next high water." No, the swell lifts her, and she moves again, but only to come down again upon the bar. She rises once more, and now goes clear. "Let her go!" and the steam is let loose, and we go rushing into the beautiful harbor.

When we first hove in sight, the Captain displayed a preconcerted signal which was seen by the "town crier," perched up in a church steeple, who at once hastened down with his long tin fish-horn in his hand, and started through the silent streets braying fearful sounds: "To-o-t, to-o-t, to-o-t! Oh, yes; steamer in sight; lecturer on board! Toot, toot, toot! Sail in the Birch Canoe to-night to Siasconset and back. Start from the Methodist church at quarter to 8—fare 25 cents." As we hauled into the wharf a crowd was gathered, and I heard the blast of that terrible horn, and thought again, "Black cats!" It was explained to me by the pastor of the Church who met me on landing. It is one of the old customs of the past, still in vogue in Nantucket. All the news, all lectures, shows, sales of property, are cried through the streets. The summer boarders here, recently, were so much interested in this custom, that they gave the old crier a solid silver trumpet, but he only uses that on great occasions, as weddings and births.

I had but little time to look around upon this quaint old town, and have but little space left for remarks upon its present condition.

PHYSICAL NANTUCKET.  
This island was once, not many years since, a cape, with a remarkable resemblance to its older sister, Cape Cod, twenty miles north of it. It was joined to the mainland at Falmouth, when what is now Martha's Vineyard was its western portion, from which it swept out easterly, and then turning northerly formed an elbow precisely like Cape Cod, thus affording a spacious bay. Like that cove, it is a mass of sand, which the restless sea is constantly eating away, and the time will come when the toilers of the sea will say to each other, "We are sailing directly over what was the island of Nantucket." But sandy as it is, there are here many productive farms.

The distance from the western around to its northern point, "Great Point Light," is eighteen miles, and its mean breadth two and a half. The books say sixteen by four, but Captain Manter gives me the first figures, and he is authority here. The island is almost without trees. A few sad-looking pines struggle to live, but do not attain to great size, the soil being too thin.

SETTLEMENT.  
In 1654, one Macy purchased the entire island for £30 and two beaver hats." He was a religious man—I think a Friend—and was so persecuted by his co-religionists that he decided to leave and go out of the world; and he did. The little colony rapidly increased, and soon became an important fishing station. The whale fishery was early established here, and a large fleet was employed in this lucrative business. But the formation of the fatal bar at the mouth of the harbor and the rising enterprise of New Bedford soon transferred the business to the latter place, and now not a ship is owned in Nantucket, where from one hundred and fifty to two hundred were once fitted out. Trade has drifted away from this old town. I walked over her decaying wharfs, once lined with

ships and covered with oil casks, and not a vessel of any kind was there, save the sail-boats for summer visitors. The place is commercially dead.

The population has greatly diminished. There is nothing to induce the young people to remain on the island, and they leave. I never saw so many aged, gray-headed people in an audience of the same size, and they have such a sad look. Perhaps it arises from their isolation. Being so much alone, they are given to introspection; they feed upon their own reflections. I longed to see them laugh, but it was not in my power, as, if I tried, they seemed to think the speaker was making fun of them, and not for them. They heard me respectfully, rose up at the close, and silently departed.

With good schools, good churches, and no thieves or burglars, they are a quiet, intelligent, sympathetic, honest people; and the summer tourists who visit them once, return again with gladness. I lodged with a fine family—a Mrs. Holman—whose quiet house I commend to the readers of this for a summer rest. I was at first a little anxious until I saw the family cat. It was not black, and so the next morning broke fair and bright, and at nine o'clock, under the care of Capt. Manter, I left Nantucket, pleased with my visit, and with a purpose at some future time of pitching my tent among that mass of scrub pines fringing the hill yonder.

## LETTER FROM BROOKLYN, N. Y.

The formation of "The Brooklyn Church Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," is a step forward in a direction that has been much needed. Its objects as announced are: "To cultivate the connectional principle of Methodism, to aid Churches, to give advice and assistance as to church indebtedness, incumbrances on property, location of churches and church buildings, and to promote and support Sunday-schools and missions in the city of Brooklyn and vicinity, under the care of the Methodist Episcopal Church." For the accomplishment of all this there is quite an elaborate machinery of offices and membership, a board of managers, and sundry committees, the most important of which for the object proposed would seem to be the "committee of council," to which all plans for the establishing of new churches and the relief of old ones are to be referred. Every charge in the city is to be represented, by both the pastor and appointments of the quarterly conferences; and every point seems guarded against intrusion or unwarrantable control. For the rest, the movement has been begun by the most trustworthy men of the Church, clerical and lay, and if properly managed, cannot fail in doing much good. It starts off, too, with the advantage of not interfering with, or changing, any of the conventional methods of the Church, and is, consequently, relieved of some of the difficulties that hamper other propositions of reform.

Of course, if a few people are determined to start a church in any neighborhood, unless the nearness to another church is so clearly injurious that the Presiding Elder cannot but interfere, this society possesses no power to prevent it. But should it gain the position to which it would seem to be entitled, the moral force which gathers about it would suffice to check many of those ill-digested plans that have brought so much reproach upon our common Methodism. A glance at the Minutes, together with the map of the city, will go far to explain why there should be so much financial and spiritual distress in so many churches. So persistent have been the complaints that have come up from these points, that other denominations have thought they could see in them the decadence of Methodism. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is true that some churches have been depleted by the advance of business, which has driven out the inhabitants before it, as is seen especially in the neighborhood of the City Hall. But in this we suffer alike with other denominations, and the scattering of our membership is not always a loss. The chief trouble has arisen from the injudicious planting of churches in the suburbs. Some of these undoubtedly took their origin in bad blood springing from petty quarrels over offices

and choirs. Others were built almost entirely on credit, looking forward to an increase of population that proved entirely illusive. Still others depended on the unwonted liberality of one man, honest and large-hearted to a degree, but whose bankruptcy, or death, left the church, of which he was the stay and support, surrounded with difficulties out of which there seemed no way of escape. Instances of all these different kinds of church embarrassment are within easy reach, and we need call no names to support our statement. The familiarity with such a form of distress, is, unfortunately, entirely too widely spread. Out of all those churches which clamor for relief, as well as those which barely manage to exist, it would not be too much to say that scarcely one ever ought to have been established at all. And we are not sure, even now, were such a thing possible, that the membership of some of them, as well as the Church at large, would not be benefited if they were just wiped out of the Conference, and their energies transferred to, or consolidated with, the nearest neighbor. If the new society could accomplish something of this, and prevent the establishing of such mosquito charges in the future, it could not fail to be appreciated.

There are a great many things that suggest themselves as we write, which, while germane to the subject, yet might introduce doubts and discussions that would be hurtful. One, however, is entirely free from any such tendency, and that is the inquiry, "Do we not need larger churches?" Every one sees, and a good many feel, the pressure that comes upon a few in the numberless small churches that dot our suburbs. With but a sparse membership, the burden is all but intolerable, and not a few hesitate to connect themselves with them on that very account. Dr. Curry is credited with saying that Methodism is the most expensive form of church worship. And he is right. Only he might have added that it is unnecessarily so, and ought not to be so. It is a great deal cheaper, and more satisfactory in every way, to attend one of our large churches than the small ones. The pastor of St. John's never said a truer word than when preaching a Thanksgiving sermon he enumerated as one of the causes for gratitude that they belonged to a large church. Not only in a small church do the expenses weigh heavily on the members, but all the benevolent institutions of the Church find the scantiest of support. Everything is absorbed in the petty needs immediately about home, and the Conference collections are either entirely neglected or hastily and imperfectly taken. Instead of being a joyous freewill offering, they are secretly regarded as an additional load upon an already overburdened people. Then, too, these overburdened churches are the home of the church-fair, an institution of which, as a rule, the least said is the better. In a large church the little personal difficulty has no power to sap the foundations of its Christianity. This was especially pointed out in the sermon to which we have referred, the preacher urging that the force of the great religious wave washed all such disturbing elements out of its way. It will be a great day for Methodism when its members do not shrink from a brisk half-hour's walk to gather into a living, forceful church. And so far from checking its growth, out of such divine furnaces will come weapons for most successful aggression. If the Society of which we write gives us only this, the whole Church will be its debtor.

CLARKE.

## LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

CATHOLIC MOVEMENTS.

Another religious movement of considerable promise has broken out among the former and present adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. It differs from that which began in Water Street under Rev. Mr. McNamara by its greater catholicity. McNamara and his associates have established the Irish Catholic Church, of which he, by popular election and priestly hands, has been consecrated Bishop. But the new organization is neither Irish nor German. It is styled the American Independent Catholic Church. Rev. Mr. Quinn, late a Romanist priest, but now connected with this institution, has held two Sabbath meetings and one Thursday evening meeting in the Forsyth Street M. E. Church. The edifice was crowded,

the collections were large, and Romanists present frequently expressed their assent to what the speaker said, by ejaculating: "That's the truth! That's the honest truth!" Two other former priests of German blood—Rev. Messrs. Moulin and Woods—are associated with the movement. Rev. A. F. Morehouse, pastor of Forsyth St. Church, is hopeful of great good from this movement. It is in the right direction, and may lead millions of souls out of the spiritual Egypt into the evangelical Canaan.

JERRY MCAULEY.

The Water St. mission, conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah McAuley, pursues its career of marvelous success. It has been found necessary to build an addition to its premises, and a liberal sum was contributed at its late eighth anniversary for that purpose. The veteran politician, Thurlow Weed, was present, and so were several prominent financiers and philanthropists. The day of miracles has not ceased. McAuley and his wife, and the fifteen formerly degraded men and women who bore their testimony to the saving power of Jesus on that occasion, are miracles of grace. So were the eminent Christian gentlemen there present, for that matter.

One of the most gratifying features of the anniversary was the presence and speech of a man in whom many have been and are deeply interested. We mean

ORVILLE GARDNER.

It had been widely rumored that "Awful" Gardner (as he was called in the bad old pugilistic days), had fallen from grace, and had opened a liquor saloon. But it seems that the report was not true, and Jerry McAuley called on Mr. Gardner to state the facts of the case. This he did. Mounting a chair, he said in a loud voice: "I want you all to see me, and I want you all to hear me. I am on the road that leads to kingdom come, and I mean to stay on that road. The report that I was off the road originated in Newark. The people there did not use me well, and I think Jersey men are the meanest set of people on God's footstool. However, though I have had troubles and trials without number, I have always placed my faith in Jesus, and I believe that Jesus will pull me through."

If correctly reported, this brief address was certainly flavoured of the old life, so far as vigor and form of diction are concerned. Whether his Christianity be of purely normal type, casuists must settle among themselves in view of the brief colloquy which followed. One of the gentlemen on the platform asked: "Do you forgive the Jersey men now, Brother Gardner?" To which Brother Gardner replied, "They not have asked my pardon yet." Whatever the decision may be, it is matter of profound gratitude to God that he and many another like him are indeed "brands plucked from the burning."

## From our Exchanges.

The secret of Christian success is not in seeking great means and great manifestations, but in watching for and heeding the slightest tenderness seen in the little child's heart, and in the calm earnestness of the thoughtful hearer. Many a pastor's usefulness is wasted in looking for something greater while God is all the time revealing His power as surely, and it seems to us more sweetly, in unobscured tenderness of heart all around him. Let him watch for these little things, and God will take care of the greater ones. Let the private disciple know that the secret of his own growth in goodness is not in seeking extra means of grace, but in watching for and yielding to the slightest impression which comes to his soul. The flowers grow not by the tornado's sweep, but by the gentle breath of the morning. So God says, "Watch not for the earthquake but the moving in the tops of the mulberry trees."—Golden Rule.

Christianity is divine. Other religions flatter human pride, yield to sinful desires, pamper passion and foster sin; but this conquers by kindness, opposes sin with holiness, hatred with love, evil doing with good doing. In feeding hungry enemies it heaps coals of fire on their heads. The essential contrast of "Plato the divine," and Christ the Divine, is seen in the characteristic sayings of each. Plato congratulated the Athenians that "they hated the Persians with a pure and heartfelt hatred." But Christ says to His followers, "Love your enemies." A prominent disciple says, "Love worketh no ill to a neighbor; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." And yet it is also true that "by the law is the knowledge of sin." Such and such like are the elements of reforms everywhere needed, both personal in the heart and life of a man, and social in the character and tendencies of the masses.—Northern.

It is the distinguishing excellence of Christianity that it enables the submissive, trusting soul to derive the greatest spiritual profit from the greatest worldly disasters, and by the grace of God make all things in the shape of temporal misfortune, poverty, hardship, disappointment, bereavement and physical suffering, work together for his good. The only unmitigated evil is sin. For that, there are no conceivable compensations.—Northwestern.







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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1880.

In more than the usual number of our churches, during later years, the last night of the past year was devoted to religious services. The evening in this vicinity was a very uncomfortable one on account of the blinding snow-storm with which it opened; but many persons found their way to the sanctuary, and in varied and impressive exercises watched the old year out and the new era in. We trust that the work of prayer now entered upon will be generally honored. We should prefer, ourselves, a simpler programme. It was first instituted as a protracted prayer-meeting for the special gift of the Holy Spirit upon the laborers in missionary fields. It might properly be a period of fresh consecration and earnest prayer for the baptism of the Holy Spirit upon the whole Church. How much it is needed! How much we personally need such a blessing! Let us earnestly and unitedly pray for it.

What a difference is apparent in the relation of the lives of men to society! Hundreds of men of ability, of conspicuous talents, and considerable local influence, fall at their posts. Men pause a moment, utter a few words of respect, and then the dead is forgotten save by the inner circle of friends. But when one like Bishop Haven is suddenly torn away from so many circles of usefulness and such a course of constant activity, we look at each other appalled to think of the vacancy that will be made by his removal. His roots extend from the lakes to the city of the Aztecs, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Men hardly think of him in his official character, but as a personal friend whose kindness and ability are always at the command of those that need it. What prayers have been offered all over the land for his recovery! It is as if, in hundreds of thousands of homes, a brother or a father has been struggling with a fatal disease. Such a tribute attends the suffering hours of few men. It is an ample compensation for all the abuse he has suffered to receive the unnumbered tributes of sympathy and love that have been constantly flowing towards his sick room.

Those parents who neglect to educate and train their children in some craft or profession do both themselves and their children a great wrong. A Jewish Rabbi once remarked that, "Whoever teacheth not his son to do some work, is as if he taught him robbery." This remark puts the case somewhat too strongly, perhaps, yet there is enough of truth in it to awaken serious questionings in the minds of parents who are bringing up sons and daughters in such a way that, when they become adults, they will be incompetent to earn their own living. It is not enough for such parents to say, "We are rich. Our children will inherit our wealth." Do not riches have wings? What will become of their incompetent heirs if their inheritance is lost? Do not both love and wisdom say that it is an imperative duty to give them some trade, art, or profession, so that they may have something to fall back upon in case of misfortune? Ability to earn one's living is a better inheritance than winged riches.

In the battle of life the great prize to be won is a god-like character, fitting the winner for companionship with saints and for honorable service in the court of the King of kings. This is not a metaphorical, but a real battle. The struggle of a soul to escape from the quagmire of its native selfishness is no child's play. One's strife with temptation is no holiday pastime, but a contest which often strains one's moral powers to the last point of endurance. When, for example, a soul is beset by Satan filling his imagination with fascinating pictures which appeal to his appetites, his passions, his desire for large and rapid gain, or his ambition for place or power, he is often like one bewildered by the mysterious spell of an enchanter. A strange glamour rests on the vile objects set before him; his moral perceptions are confused and his volitions are tossed between his conscience and his selfish desires like the ball of tennis players. If he desires conquer him, he contracts guilt, corrupts his character, and perils his final salvation. If conscience wins, his character is strengthened, his self-respect is increased, and

his victorious soul filled with joy. These results of victory are ample compensations for the pain involved in the fight. Nevertheless, such is the immeasurable goodness of our heavenly Father, these blessings are but shadows of higher, final rewards awaiting the victor; since Holy Scripture saith, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life!"

Skeptics have sought in every age to undermine the faith of the Christian Church. Like industrious sappers and miners they have burrowed their way to her foundations and laid trains of philosophical objections, historical criticisms, and mythical theories close to her walls. Having exploded these blasts with much noise, they have looked through the smoke expecting to see the object of their hatred toppling to the ground. Very much to their surprise, however, the fair fabric stands like a beautiful temple indestructible by human devices. Why is this? Largely because most of the objections to the Christian system rest more on the hatred of its critics than on a solid foundation of truth; but chiefly because Christian faith carries its own verification within itself. Said Jesus, "If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself." So long, therefore, as the divine origin of Christian truth is self-demonstrated in the experience of all who obey its precepts, skeptical criticisms, though hurtful to many, cannot overthrow Christianity. The delightful consciousness of the individual believer, that his belief in this yields him peace that passeth understanding, joy that is unexpressed, inward purity and outward whiteness of life otherwise unattainable, is a shield which the sharpest shafts forged by skeptical hands can never penetrate. An unbelieving logic can never prevail against a believer's experience.

Sweeter than honey to the taste are the promises of God's Word to spiritual minds. A quail old divine says: "As the bee lies at the breast of a flower and sucks out sweetness from it, so faith lies at the breast of a promise and sucks out the quintessence of joy."

## THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The present condition of the Protestant Church is discouraging or encouraging according to the point of view from which you look upon it, or the interpretation to be given to the signs of the times. The life of a Protestant Church depends upon its spirituality. The Roman Catholic Church asks only outward conformity to its ordinances, and it takes the responsibility of pronouncing absolution for sin where this is done, and an open door to paradise. As a means of securing this it is not wonderful that crowds fill and surround their churches on the Sabbath for a few hours, and that a large portion of those who have been educated within its bosom, preserve their outward relation to the Church through life, whatever their moral character may be.

In Protestant Churches, where the new birth is a requisite for membership, only a high state of spiritual life secures for them propagating power, and worldliness and formality are sure forerunners of decay. With the lapse of the spirit of self-consecration, a loss of a sense of the supreme importance of eternal things, of the peril of men unrenewed in heart, of the infinite obligation we owe to the Saviour for His work of redemption and His continued mediation, the aggressive work of the Church will cease. Each local body will become simply a Christian family; its worship an occasion only of intellectual and religious gratification. The congregation will be held by no spiritual power, and will be continually drawn away by worldly influences. The surrounding community will have no moral consciousness of the presence of the church and see little in its membership to awaken either conviction or faith in the reality and power of professed piety. Doubt and infidelity will grow under the shadow of such churches; and in spite of all the humanitarian endeavors to meet the physical necessities of the hour, to reform the vicious, to rescue the periled youth, and to carry the Gospel into the portions of a city where the worst classes of the population gather, there will, after all, be but comparatively a small growth in the annual religious statistics. The unchurched part of the community will increase more rapidly than new disciples will be added to the established Christian folds. Unbelief will grow more and more arrogant and presumptuous, and the ultimate success of Christ's Kingdom will seem to be seriously periled.

This is about the appearance that the Protestant Church takes on at this hour in the eyes of many. Thus it looks to Mr. Goldwin Smith. To the High Churchman, Dr. Ewer, Protestantism seems an absolute failure. The Roman Catholic press in this country, where the apostate Church wears a moral garb with which she has not felt the necessity of clothing herself in countries where, for centuries, she has held both political and ecclesiastical power; echoes gratefully these discouraging words from professed members of the Protestant body, and proffers a secular and unspiritual

Church as the only hope of Christendom and the world.

It is not enough to attempt to reason against this depressing view of things, by recalling the fact that Protestantism, considered as a whole, is increasing its census annually; that she is vigorously aggressive at many points in her work all over the world; that her outward activities were never greater than at present; that her money never before was so liberally consecrated to Christian work and institutions; that her standard of morals was never higher, and that her volume of Inspiration was never so widely circulated.

Romanism also has a broader distribution than ever before and is still aggressive. Her magnificent cathedrals and world-wide missions were built and established in the darkest moral period of her history, and now the money of her disciples is more freely poured out, a thousand-fold, than that of Protestantism. If reformation is to come from within alone, the prospect is surely unpromising. But it has always been after the economy of Christ's kingdom, in hours of special exigency, to pour out a fresh effusion upon the Church of the Holy Spirit.

Looking at the signs of the times from this point of view, the watchman from the high towers of Zion may begin to cry, "The morning cometh." God's opportunity is human exigency. When men despair of accomplishing a work that is indispensable, it is time for a divine intervention. The apostles could accomplish little until the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost. The Church cannot go into the unevangelized portions of the land until she is sent, and when sent of the Holy Spirit she is invincible. It is unwieldiness, a divine consecration, a constraining love for Christ, a soul possessed with the truth that the world is lost, that impresses and overcomes wherever such an experience is witnessed. This spiritual condition of things is the need of the Church at this hour. We have good reason to expect its early approach. The divine interest in the world's redemption has not abated. Christ has not left the mediatorial throne nor despaired of the conquest of the earth. Just in so far as the present moral condition of the Church is apprehended, a sincere cry for the Comforter is born in Christian hearts as the one agency for lifting the Church out of her worldly estate, and sending her afresh out into society for its salvation. These prayers, born of the Holy Spirit, will certainly secure their divine answers. The irresistible apology for the Christian faith is not the able logical treatise, but the supernatural work, upon the heart and life, of the divine Spirit. One such life as that of St. Paul, of John Wesley, of Henry Martyn, is worth a whole library of written defenses. The latter can be in some form answered; before the former unbelieving men stand speechless.

Let us take courage; the night is the certain prophecy of the coming day; the necessity is the certain assurance of a divine interposition. We are working and praying towards the early morning. Those who are laboring for and in a revival will be the first to lift up the glad shout, "Lo! He cometh! Long have we waited for Him!" Not one jot or one tittle of His Word can pass away until all is fulfilled.

## THE CASE OF THE UTES.

The last intelligence at the date of writing this, indicates that the effort of the Commissioners to procure a surrender of the White River Utes implicated in the massacre of Agent Meeker and others at the agency near the attack on Major Thornburg's command, has failed. The negotiations for the surrender were very patiently and skillfully conducted, and at one time they appeared to have been successful, for the Indians consented to surrender those who were charged with guilt upon one condition, namely, that the trial should take place in Washington, and not in Colorado, where in the opinions of the Indians the feeling against them was so bitter that it would be impossible to secure fair consideration of their cases.

Whether it would not have been the wise course for the government to have promptly accepted the condition, it is, perhaps, useless now to consider. It was accepted with a qualification, the government agreeing that the trial should be had outside the limits of Colorado, but not consenting to the request that it should take place in Washington. To the Indian, Washington means the home of the Great Father of the pale faces, and they doubtless believed that he would be able there to see that no wrong was done them. They have more faith in him than in the representatives who come to them from him, and they have no faith at all in the just disposition of the people of the frontier States.

When the Indians received this reply, O'uray, their leading chief, a man of intelligence and property, and always a friend of the whites, set out for the White River Agency to bring in the dozen Indians who were wanted. After a certain time he returned with five of them—the five including those who were most guilty both of exciting and of executing the massacre. The government was not satisfied with this degree of compliance, and insisted that the others must be surrendered within five days. This was practically impossible unless they were in the immediate vicinity. At all events they were not brought in, and the Commissioners left their station and began a retreat to the region of civilization, through snows so deep that in six days they accomplished only about twenty miles of travel, many teamsters being frozen and the whole party being compelled to abandon the wagons. During this time, in the absence of intelligence, it was feared by many that the Indians had massacred the whole party, which was virtually unprotected and in the power of a tribe who knew that their departure meant war, in which they were certain to be driven from their lands, and perhaps to be substantially exterminated as a tribe.

There is no reason for questioning the good faith with which the leading chief, O'uray, has acted throughout this whole business. He has done whatever he could to satisfy the government's demands and to prevent a war. He was not of the White River Utes, although he was over them, and the massacre was done without his knowledge, by the instigation of other chiefs, who do not understand as well as he does the necessity of preserving, in spite of all provocations, peaceable relations with the white race. It is an unpleasant fact to contemplate, but it is true, that his influence over the Utes has been very much weakened by the failure of the government to fulfill the conditions of treaties with this tribe, which his former great influence enabled the government to make. They regard him as one who has, as the slang of the street tersely phrases it, "sold them out." He persuaded the tribe to sell to the government what is known as the San Juan tract—a noble slice out of their reservation—under stipulations of payment which the government has failed to carry out. It is not Indian nature so much as simple human nature, that makes them cautious and reluctant about taking the advice of a leader who was chiefly instrumental in obtaining their consent to a sale in which they were defrauded of a part of the price. But for this misleading and other like, but not so gross, failures in our dealings with the people, there might have been a different issue of this business; indeed, there might have been no massacre, for in the judgment of many who have an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances, the failures of the government in meeting its obligations to the Utes was more potent than any aggressions of settlers or miners in provoking hostilities.

What is to become of this tribe, it is difficult to foretell. They are one of the most intelligent and capable tribes on the continent. They number not far from 1,200. They possess a reservation of twelve million acres extending across Western Colorado—a territory vastly in excess of their real needs if they could be induced to give up their wandering habit of life and till the ground, instead of hunting over it. Ranges of mountains cross their lands, which are suspected of being rich in minerals, and the opportunity of prospecting for treasure is eagerly coveted. The cry comes up to Washington from Colorado that "the Utes must go." But where shall they go? Some answer: "Under the sod. Exterminate them." The Interior department suggested to Congress to authorize the appointment of a commission to negotiate their removal to the Indian Territory. But these Indians are mountain Indians, and removal to the Indian Territory means death to many of them, as was the case with the Poncas, in the process of acclimatization. Moreover, the Indian Territory is itself coveted by railroad corporations, land speculators and adventurers of many sorts, such as haunt the frontier. These desire no more removals of Indians to that territory, and are intriguing to get those who are there out. So strong is this feeling in Congress that the bill providing for a commission to remove the Utes could not pass the Senate until it was amended so as to provide that they should not be removed to the Indian Territory. It has not yet passed the House in any shape, but has been the topic of a debate which served to show very plainly the want of consideration for Indians' rights on the part of representatives of the frontier States. The talk about them is much as if they were a kind of vermin to be rid of, and as though any means that will be effectual are good enough. That bounties are not

given for Indian scalps as for wolves ears is owing, probably, not so much to any notion that it is wrong to kill Indians, as to the fact that such a proceeding would subject them to unpleasant remarks by people in the East, who weakly believe that Indians are human beings.

The chances now are that there will be war before there are any negotiations, and that when the question of locating the tribe becomes again matter of consideration, there will be only a pitiful remnant of the present force to be dealt with, who can easily be compelled to go wherever the government may think best to send them, under charge of a military guard.

## BISHOP HAVEN.

Gilbert Haven, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is no longer with us. He died to rest in great peace and without a struggle, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 6 o'clock p. m., and ascended to his rest. How pathetically in his last hours he alluded to his weariness. He was tired out. But there is rest for the weary, and he has reached it. A number of his near friends were summoned to his bedside on Saturday morning to bid him adieu, as his physicians judged that he might not survive the day. Dr. Cummings, Rev. C. S. Rogers and Rev. J. W. Hamilton were at the house. Rev. Dr. Upham, Brother J. P. Magee and Brother A. S. Weed were in the company as we visited the well-known and pleasant home under the shadow of the Methodist church. It was a scene of Christian sorrow. Tender tears were dropping from all eyes; but it was not sorrow without hope. The Bishop was perfectly himself. The condition of his lungs rendered his speech somewhat difficult and a little indistinct, but his utterances were vigorous. He received us with great warmth of affection. He said it was his impression when the blow first struck him, six weeks ago, that it was fatal. He wanted to live if it were God's will. He saw great fields of usefulness before him. He had strong grasp, he said, on both worlds. All was bright, however, before him. "I have not a cloud over my mind," he assured us. "It is all blessed. I know whom I have believed. I believe the Gospel—all its precious truths—all through." The last two words he uttered with characteristic emphasis. It did not seem like a dying hour, save that all were weeping in the room. Through all his sickness he has conversed with his son about dying and heaven as one would speak of taking a journey to a familiar place upon the earth.

But what a blank his absence leaves in all our circles of Christian affection and activity! Every one who really knew Bishop Haven loved him, however he might differ with him in opinion. He had the singular and wonderful power of winning the hearty love of those whose views on important subjects were widely diverse from his own. He rarely ever, in controversy, lost his good temper, which gave him a remarkable power over his opponents; and if he thought any one had intentionally injured him, this one would be the first person to receive an act of kindness at his hand.

Bishop Haven was endowed by nature with a fine intellect; indeed, in many elements he might rather be considered a genius than one of an ordinary intellectual mould. His quick temperament gave an additional power to his original endowments, and made him one of the readiest as well as most forcible of writers and speakers. He was an accomplished scholar in the classics and in general literature. His memory was something wonderful. He wrote his review of Mrs. Stowe's work upon Lord Byron, quoting at length from nearly all the poet's great works, while in the country, away from all books, and with no means of correcting his article by the originals. The Bishop had a style of his own. It was open to the criticisms of the schools; but it was peculiarly vivacious and always attractive. He wrote with astonishing ease, on the cars, in depots, on the backs of letters, some of his most attractive communications for the press. His books have had a wide sale. The Pilgrim's Wallet—a peculiarly attractive volume of European travel—still has a good sale. His volume on Mexico was upon a fresh theme, and is a work of great interest and deserved popularity. The volume of his occasional sermons and addresses has not enjoyed so wide a popular distribution, but is by the noblest monument to his intellectual ability, his broad charity, and his forensic power.

Bishop Haven rather underrated himself as to his pulpit ability. He was always instructive, and at times rose to a great height of true eloquence and persuasive power. Some of his Conference and camp-meeting discourses will never be forgotten by those who listened to them. His address at Washington in memory of the Chisholm family was an occasion of extraordinary interest. The audience—one of the most impressive in the land—was powerfully moved. Perhaps this effort was the climax of the Bishop's power.

He was one of the most unselfish of men. He labored incessantly on the platform and with his pen, receiving large sums of money, but all was freely poured forth for the aid of struggling institutions of the Church and for our great charities. No one can tell the amounts that Bishop Haven has distributed everywhere with a lavish hand. How many suffering colored men and ministers, as well as brethren in all our Northern Conferences, will remember tenderly the quiet gifts that were crowded into their hands by the generous Bishop.

Bishop Haven was born in Malden, Sept. 19, 1821. His father was for years the most conspicuous and beloved member and officer of the M. E. Church in that town. His venerable mother is still living, 93 years of age. He gradu-

ated at Middletown in 1846, and taught immediately after Greek and Latin in Amesbury Seminary. In 1848 he was elected its president. Here he formed an acquaintance with Mary Ingraham, and she became his dearly loved wife in 1851. She died in the peace of the Gospel in 1860, leaving her husband a deep and sincere mourner until his death. He joined the New England Conference in 1851, and was stationed at Northampton. Afterwards he was appointed to the charges in Wilbraham, Westfield, Roxbury and Cambridgeport. In 1861 he was chaplain of the 8th Mass. Regiment, at the breaking out of the war. He had a serious attack of the brain, and in 1862 traveled in Europe and the East. In 1863 he was stationed at North Russell St., Boston. His "Pilgrim's Wallet" was published in 1864. From 1867 to '72 he was editor of ZION'S HERALD. He gave the paper a wide reputation outside of the Church. He was a vigorous, audacious editor, always loyal to the Church, conservative in doctrine and discipline, a radical reformer, outspoken, prompt, at the head of the advanced line of reformers, a denouncer of all unrighteousness, even in high places, a true patriot—a man to be loved and abused, but always true to himself and his apprehension of truth and duty.

His volume of National Sermons was published in 1869. Father Taylor's Life was issued in 1871. He was sent to General Conference in 1868 and 1872, at the last of which he was elected Bishop. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from the Ohio Wesleyan University. We shall leave to other hands to portray his unceasing activity and faithfulness in the exalted office of Bishop. We must now stop to think, and weep, and recover our trust in the Divine Head of the Church, who thus buries His workman but carries on His work. He leaves a son and daughter.

## Editorial Items.

The most serious feature of this Maine Imbroglio is its added influence to the growing and vicious habit of making our State and national elections not the well-understood expression of the unhindered suffrage of the people, but the result of the successful manipulation of professed politicians who hesitate at no subterfuge for the accomplishment of their objects. Our politics are taking on the shape of modern gambling in stocks and articles of trade. Shrewd politicians are constantly seeking "to make a corner" in some coming election. By "gerrymandering" the districts of a State while a party is in power; by crowding aside the colored man, through local legislation, by terrorism, or by refusing to count his vote; by voting out or voting men into Congress, to preserve an existing political majority, upon the most questionable reasons; by quietly arranging selfish plans to insure, in certain instances, returns vitiated by technical errors; in all these ways of late, the supreme will of the whole people is forbidden its proper expression by the sharp practices of unscrupulous politicians. While no one can doubt that, if all the citizens of the States had been permitted to cast their votes unhindered, the present President of the United States would have been elected and the Republican party had a working majority in both houses of Congress, still every conscientious citizen must have been humiliated by the measures taken, in some instances, to secure the votes of doubtful States, and no thoughtful citizen can contemplate without anxiety the probability of another such closely-contested election being thrown into Congress. But such an event is a part of the political programme for the coming national election, and his honest efforts to defend the country from the peril of a heated political controversy over the counting of the returns, by additional legislation, have thus far proved abortive. Without doubt, restless men prefer to leave open all possible doors for securing their object, whatever may be the peril to the country. It is because this Maine business takes on the same characteristics, and even has a manifest relation to the approaching national election, that it assumes so much importance. When our elections are constantly liable to be vitiated by fraud; when in the eagerness for the spoils of office, unprincipled men rise to the surface and boldly accomplish their plans by their very audacity, we may be assured that the Republic is on the eve of a revolution. The only hope is in the union, for the sake of reform, of patriotic men of both great parties, to secure thorough and honest elections, and a civil service which will remove tens of thousands of subordinate offices out of politics and make their occupants responsible for their ability and good behavior and only removable for cause.

Mr. George J. Stevenson, M. A., has an interesting paper in the *Watchman* (Wesleyan) upon the monuments in City Road Chapel. There are twenty-eight of them. No one was seriously injured by the late fire, although some were blackened by the smoke. Within the communion rails were the notable six, commencing with our revered founder, John Wesley, who died in 1791, Charles in 1788, Thomas Coke, 1814, John W. Fletcher, in 1785, Joseph Benson, 1821, and Adam Clarke in 1832. On one side towards the north wall, are Samuel D. Waddy, Jabez Bunting and Joseph Woolley; the latter was a layman, an original trustee of the chapel. On another portion of the north wall are placed the tablets of Elizabeth Mortimer—as Miss Ritchie one of the most endeared of Mr. Wesley's personal friends. She was with him in his last illness and closed his dying eyes. She wrote the only account of his last hours. Near hers is her husband's tablet, Harvey Walklate Mortimer—a trustee and treasurer of the chapel for a quarter of a century. Then comes Robert Newton, of blessed memory; Edmund Grindrod, Theophilus Lessey, Joseph Fowler and Charles Prest. Joseph Fowler died in the adjoining parsonage—the only minister, except Mr. Wesley, who died there.

Towards the south wall are placed the monuments of Richard Watson, John Murlin—called the weeping prophet—William Shaw and Thomas Jackson. On the south wall appear Joseph Butterworth, a member of Parliament, a treasurer of the Miss. Society, a brother-in-law of Dr. Adam Clarke; Ann Butterworth, sister of Adam Clarke; Robert Young; Lancelot Hastope—the successor of Butterworth as treasurer; Dr. James Hamilton—an eminent physician who attended Mr. Wesley in his last sickness; John Mason, the great Book Steward; Jacob Jones, a surgeon and personal friend of Wesley; and Lady Mary Fitzgerald—for fifty years a member of the society, and an attached friend of John Wesley. She left a wide worldly circle to be a Methodist, and requested when she died to be buried in Mr. Wesley's chapel-yard. What a loss it would have been if these historical memorials had been destroyed! The building is to be at once renewed, and will undoubtedly wear much the same appearance as heretofore. The Morning Chapel will be rebuilt.

The *New Englander* for January, now published bi-monthly, opens with a vigorous paper by Prof. George P. Fisher upon the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, giving very clearly its historical connections, its unquestioned occasion of thanksgivings at Rome, and the remarkable retributions, in the present world, that fell upon its leading perpetrators. Prof. S. Wells Williams gives an English version of a Chinese historical novel—curious enough as an illustration of Chinese life and superstitions. J. G. Pyle writes a vigorous paper in opposition to the modern "spelling reform." Prof. Thomas R. Lonsbury gives the second part of his very interesting sketch of Giraldus—a scholar of the twelfth century. President Porter has a suggestive paper upon Congregationalism, confining himself in this number to a general view of its rise and progress to the present time. Rev. Henry A. Stimson suggests the probable influence of Western characteristics upon Congregationalism. Price \$4 a year. Published in New Haven by W. L. Kingsley.

How the loss of Bishop Haven will be felt among the colored ministers and members of our Church at the South! No name is better known, or loved, among them. He has been constant in his endeavors to secure the political, moral, educational and spiritual well-being of the freedmen. His home was among them. For his pronounced friendship in their behalf he has been denounced, threatened, insulted and abused in the political and religious press, and ostracized by the Bishops, ministers and members of the M. E. Church, South. But none of these things moved him. He did not lose his presence of mind or Christian temper. Whenever a kindly hand was extended he always grasped it. Who will fill his place in the practical interest he has felt in behalf of the important schools established at the South? Those who have loved him must take care of them for his sake. One of the noblest monuments to his memory, since entering the episcopacy, will be the institution at Atlanta, with its valuable real estate promising an ultimate generous endowment.

The decision of the Supreme Court of Maine—a very able and respected body—has fairly taken the foundation out of the sharp and fraudulent scheme planned to unsettle a body of representatives really chosen by the people, upon simple technical occasions and clerical mistakes. The questions which Governor Garcelon sent to the Court were worded with much skill to avoid, apparently, any direct expression of opinion upon the real points in controversy; but the court found in them opportunity to sweep the whole field, and now it remains to be seen what the conspirators will do about it. There seems to be little doubt, as we go to press, that the cause of political righteousness will prevail without further violence than the strife of tongues.

The most marked feature in the moral character of Bishop Haven was his apparently unquenchable and unclouded faith. Amid all the doubt and destructive criticism of the hour, although he read freely and admired the literary elegance of Emerson and Parker, his confidence in the most rigid utterances of the orthodox catechism was unshaken. A reformer in all the walks of social life, he was one of the most conservative of Christian believers. In a plenary and even verbal revelation, and in the sublime truths of the trinity, a vicarious redemption and final retribution, he held the most positive faith. To the last he believed them all—all the doctrines of the Cross—to their revealed conclusions. He believed them, as he said, "all through!"

Vick's chief difficulty, in the publication of his elegant annuals, is to excel himself. His *Floral Guide No. 1* for 1880 is, however, a wide step in advance of its very handsome predecessor. Its paper, its engraved and colored frontispiece, its type and landscape gardens, its type and binding, are beautiful illustrations of the pictorial and typographical art. His *Floral Guide* contains a full description of his garden products, ornamental and useful, of his seeds and bulbs, and of his numerous useful and beautiful garden and house ornaments. Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, at \$1.25, is a gem of beauty and full of valuable suggestions for the lover and cultivator of flowers. Send for a copy of the *Floral Guide*, only five cents.

We have received the Eighth Annual Report of the Curators of the Museum of Wesleyan University which is specially under the charge of Prof. G. Brown Goode, M. A. The present report shows the large and substantial growth of this important department. The

large collections already afforded a fine field for the connection of the Curator with the Smithsonian, and his personal commission of Fisheries, occasion of securing valuable rooms in the Orange Judson building for the use of the scientific department. It promises to be, in an era of the broadest and best-arranged of natural history collections.

The *Eclectic Magazine* for the thirty-first year of its publication is its January number. It is only of 128 pages; its paper is selected from the choicest of the European periodicals. The number is ornamented with some engravings—of the Walter Scott and his Little Max Muller, Sir John Lubbock, monads, Froude, R. A. P. McCintock, Herbert A. Gibb, tribute papers to this number, the serial stories that are in ward. Rev. W. H. Bidwell, E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 E. York. Yearly subscription.

Bishop Haven was converted student at Wilbraham in the many scores of able administrators which this noble ministry has given to the Church world. We cannot over power for good which the academics, with their almost always gracious, revival exercises, and continue to half of our young scholars turning point in the Bishop's ing him from a secular ambition, and consecrating his noblest and noblest services his fellow-men.

The family of our deceased all his friends unite, special give thanks unto God that mess did not occur on one tour far away from home, mother's bedside, in the lo his boyhood, with all the de he prized most on earth. What a privilege it was fo son and daughter to be con beside, so that in all his co he could look upon their lo receive their affectionate ca was a rainbow around the!

The interview on Satur Dr. F. H. Newhall—a ca lege—and Bishop Haven in the extreme. They talk and tenderly like old frie and about to take a little "I have beaten you this t Bishop; "just a little. would have gone before m been a little darkness over is light ahead!" When Dr the room, he said, "It is now, but it will be good-m we next meet!"

We are surprised and gr notice of Bishop Haven *Journal of Monday morn takes are extraordinary, sh solute inability of the writ the task to which he set calls Chancellor Haven of Bishop's brother. He is a affirms that both were can Episcopacy at the Genera previous to 1872. Gilbert was a candidate until the tion. There are other e grateful expressions not ju facts; the manifest intent destroy the evil effect of t*

The American portion of tee upon the revival of t their concluding meeting Testament last month. T the second revision of th elation. They will consi method, the action of th pany upon their work, peeted that the revised N will be finished and pub English University pres present year. The Ameri on the Old Testament are the book of Job. It w years yet before their wor upon the Hebrew Bible.

By an advertisement i um, the friends of Rev. will notice that he is en important literary work. H issue, through the press Hunt, an edition of Gibb the Decline and Fall of t pire, in three volumes, di of its most objectionable pages. It is a delicate detarking, but the autho able to fulfill his pledges.

The Sixth Annual Repo an's Christian Tempera the State of Illinois, co tion to a sketch of the the annual meeting, th and thoughtful address J. E. Willard, president of the clearly-written repo work for the year by M responding secretary.

An excellent member dence Conference writes uite you on the beauty of HERALD. Take courage, has many friends, and on deavor is needed vasty circulation. Good times

The author of the recu entitled "A Fool's Reu" menced a new story of Christmas" in the *Chin* suppose it is no longer Judge Tourgeon is the writ work, which though less of fiction is little more th of actual incidents.







## The Family.

### "LET MEN LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

BY REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART.

Once, in the starry midnight time,  
The angels, with celestial chime,  
Sang, from their dewy twilight clime,  
"Let men love one another!"

Let love and peace on earth prevail;  
The shepherds, watching in the dale,  
Heard, sounding through the shadowy vale,  
"Let men love one another."

Welcome, glad year of jubilee,  
Thou golden reign of charity!  
Oh, what a happier world 'twill be  
When men love one another!

Then words of gall and looks of hate,  
And stormy wrath and fierce debate,  
A genial warmth shall disperse,  
When men love one another.

Man will not waste his brother's blood,  
While hunger cries in vain for food,  
When men, in bonds of brotherhood,  
Have love for one another.

The simplest word the tongue can speak,  
To cheer a heart about to break,  
Will give to him who hears the same  
Who maketh all men brothers.

A light shall shine in sorrow's eyes,  
Like radiance of the sunset skies,  
And heart with heart shall sympathize,  
When men love one another.

Our words and deeds on hearts of gloom  
Shall fall like flowers of sweet perfume;  
And Eden's bowers again shall bloom,  
When men love one another.

### THROUGH HIS GRACE.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

An oath! and from such beautiful  
lips—how it startled me!

The woman was poor, sick, suffering,  
yet many a Broadway belle  
might have envied her the lustrous  
eyes, the sweet expression, the purity  
of complexion which distinguished her.

"Let me out at—Street," she  
had said, and the conductor—perhaps  
insolently, perhaps carelessly—  
passed a whole block before he  
stopped, and she swore at him.  
Something impelled me to leave the  
car at the moment she did.

Placing her basket on the walk,  
she shifted the pale, pretty baby to  
the other arm, and with a sigh, the  
hectic growing deeper on her cheeks,  
she stopped to lift her burden again.  
At that moment a stout boy came  
round the corner, and I beckoned to  
him. Then I touched the woman on  
the arm.

"You look sick," I said. "Let  
this boy take your basket, and I will  
pay him for carrying it for you."

Lifting herself and drawing a deep  
breath, she exclaimed—

"You don't mean it."

"Yes, I do. Tell him your num-  
ber. I'll walk along."

"But, miss"—and the delicate  
face grew shadowed—"it isn't the  
place for such as you; and then—  
you don't know who I am."

"You are a woman, and ill, and  
I am used to all sorts of places.  
What a sweet baby you have, so  
white and pretty! What is its  
name?"

"Eleanor—mamma's dear little  
Nell; but she's so delicate! and oh,  
miss, you'd better not go with me, for  
anybody who knows me will tell you  
how wicked I've been; but, indeed,  
I'm trying to keep straight now, ever  
since I married John."

"But if you're trying to keep  
straight, why did you say that dread-  
ful word when the conductor went  
further than you wished?"

"It's an old habit," she said,  
bringing her lips together. "You  
can't break everything off at once—  
at least, I can't. John says he  
swears when he doesn't know it, and I  
pose I do. But there's one thing I  
don't do—I don't drink any more,  
not a drop, not a drop!" she re-  
peated with fierce energy. Her  
cheeks and her eyes blazed as she  
spoke, and something like hatred  
came into her face. She stepped on,  
managing to keep herself a little in  
advance of me, and after threading  
some of the most repulsive streets  
known in the northern section of the  
city, finally stopped before a tene-  
ment house of the meanest descrip-  
tion, and pointed down the slimy  
basement steps.

"You don't want to go in there,"  
she said, "and that's my home."

"But I do; I want to be your  
friend; I want to see how you live,  
and help you, if you will let me."

"Are you a tract woman?" she  
asked, her voice changing.

"Not professionally," I said,  
"and I haven't a tract with me."

"I came simply because your face inter-  
ested me, and something tells me you  
have seen better days."

"Oh, indeed I have," she cried,  
hoarsely. "Well, come in;—and she  
ushered me into the semi-dark-  
ness of a miserable cellar. The floor  
was of mud, which happened to be  
tolerably dry, but oh, the mould and  
the damp on every side! Clean it  
was, and neat, as far as it could be.  
A cold black arch in the wall held

her tubs. A rude log, clumsily hol-  
lowed, was the sleeping place of her  
baby, white and comfortable, and she  
laid the little one down carefully. It  
neither smiled nor cried, but lay look-  
ing listlessly forward.

"I don't know what you saw in  
us to interest you," said the woman,  
moving uneasily back and forth. "I'm  
hardly worth anybody's thinking  
about, but I was what is called re-  
spectable once, and my father was a  
country clergyman. You needn't ask  
his name; it's on a tombstone now,  
and so is my mother's, and I helped  
put them there. You don't care for  
my story, I hope, because I'd rather  
not tell it. All I can say is, that I  
had my own way from my babyhood,  
because they said I was so beautiful.  
My mother was always an invalid,  
and out of the house there was plenty  
to pet and spoil me; and so I grew  
up, caring for nothing but to have my  
own way. Well, there came a time  
that I ran away from home, and once  
I got a letter from my father—such  
a bitter, cruel letter! and—and—  
I've been wrong ever since. I don't  
care much," and she dashed a tear  
from her eyes. "The world has  
been my enemy. I've had nowhere  
to go, and nobody believed in me, ex-  
cept John. My father called me lost.  
I suppose I am. Somehow my heart  
is hardened. I don't believe in any-  
thing."

"Do you love your baby?" I  
asked.

"Love my baby—my little Nell?  
O miss, what a question! Why,  
what should I work for her, for work  
till I ache to the bones, sometimes,  
and am fit to sink down and die? I  
think I'll live while she needs me. I  
will!" she added with fierce energy.

"For who would care for her else?  
Not her drunken father. O miss!  
now you've got it out of me. I love  
John; he was kind to me when I was  
dull under his feet. He won't let  
any one say a hard word of me. He  
can't live all for me he suffers. He can't  
it's all down the sneers of others. He  
was a printer, and had a good trade,  
but he's been going down, down, and  
now—Hark!"—her eyes dilated—  
"there's trouble! and that's John's  
voice!"

She rushed out into the street. I  
remained behind, trembling, and to  
tell the truth, terribly frightened, for  
the tumult grew furious. The cellar  
had suddenly become like a tomb to  
me, and the pallid face of the sleeping  
child looked corpse-like in the shadow.

Presently, with sobs and heart-  
rending cries, the woman came back.  
She was followed by several men,  
bearing an awful burden. They laid  
it upon the wretched bed in the cor-  
ner.

"He's dead!" shrieked the woman,  
turning to me and wringing her  
hands, "and how will I live?"

"Your baby," I said, mechan-  
ically.

"Yes, but he was more to me than  
my baby. I didn't know it before,  
but I feel it now. Oh, if God was  
merciful He wouldn't let me suffer  
so."

I tried to comfort her, but it  
seemed beyond my province. Can  
you imagine a more pitiful sight?  
The man, killed in a street brawl,  
lying there, a very Hercules; the  
child awake and frightened, crying  
weakly; the mother frantic, and the  
cellar full of coarse, horrible faces.  
I made my escape as quietly as I  
could, and went home.

One day, some three weeks after-  
ward, I went into a children's hospi-  
tal, the matron being my friend. She  
was superintending the dressing of a  
little dead baby. I knew the pinched  
but beautiful face, and uttered an  
exclamation of surprise.

"Poor little thing! I'm glad its  
troubles are over," said my friend.  
"The mother brought it here, and  
was so ill herself that we sent her to  
the H— hospital. It was a very  
sad case; the father was killed!"

"Yes, I know all about it," I  
said, "I was there;—and I told the  
story."

As soon as possible I called at the  
H— hospital, and found the woman  
in the last stages of consumption.  
She knew me at once, but heart and  
feeling seemed paralyzed. If I tried  
to speak to her of heaven she would  
not listen.

"Don't talk religion to me," she  
said, almost fiercely. "I've heard  
it all my life, and never seen good  
come of it. Only bring my baby to  
me; the sight of her would almost  
make me live."

How should I break the sad news  
to her? Something in my face must  
have startled her, for she caught my  
hand with an indescribable look as  
she cried, "I will have the truth;  
she is worse."

"No, she is better," I said; but  
the sob in my voice, my manner,  
conveyed the truth to her prenatu-  
rally sharpened senses. She fell  
back on her pillow with such a look  
of fixed anguish that I turned my  
eyes away. I tried to tell her how

much better it was for the child—of  
Jesus, who took the little ones in His  
arms and blessed them; of God and  
heaven.

"Don't you know you said you  
would live while she needed you?  
Now she needs you no longer."

"Needs me no longer—me, her  
mother?" whispered the pale lips.  
"O my baby, my little baby! She  
has gone where I can never go.  
What shall I do? I can't lose her  
through all eternity, I can't."

Words cannot picture the agony of  
love in voice and gesture. The  
baby's little white hand, the sweet  
voice, reached out to the hand and heart  
of the lost mother. Now I could do  
what she had before forbidden me—  
talk of the love of One who held the  
child in His bosom. I sang to her,  
softly, the wonderful song of "The  
Ninety and Nine." Her hand held  
mine tighter and closer as I sang.  
The pale rays of the setting sun stole  
across the pallid beauty of her face;  
the large violet eyes were fastened  
upon the ceiling, and the lips so like  
faded rose-buds trembled as her  
bosom rose and fell with the troubled  
breath. And when I came to the  
verse,—

"And all through the mountains, thunder  
riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gates of heaven,  
Rejoice! I have found my sheep!  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own;"

a cry broke from her white lips such  
as I never heard before from living  
tongue.

"I am the lost sheep! Yes, lost!  
lost! lost!"

"He found the one that was lost,"  
I said, softly.

"I see it all now. He sent you to  
find me. Oh! I wonder if He would  
take me in the fold?"

"Come unto Me all ye that are  
weary and heavy-laden, and I will  
give you rest," I repeated.

"I'll go, if He will only take me.  
I'll do anything you say, only tell me  
how. I'm so tired; so tired of sin  
and wretchedness! I wouldn't be  
good, and at this late hour how can I  
expect mercy?"

After this, all her cry was, "How  
can I find Him?" Pride and hatred  
dropped from her soul; humility  
clothed her as with a garment.

"Talk to me; help me to heaven,  
to my little child, to Christ," she  
would say as often as she saw me.  
I was repulsed no longer. Earnestly  
and tremblingly she prayed, pleading  
for pardon. How could I but hope,  
that last morning, when they lifted  
the white cloth from the face still re-  
markably beautiful, even in death,  
that He against whom she had re-  
belled had freely forgiven her; that  
He was even now leading her, with  
her babe in her bosom, to the green  
pastures and beside the still waters?

"Heaven, rest, Christ!" Those  
words, the matron told me, were her last  
words.

### THE GOLDEN MILE-STONE.

Leafless are the trees; their purple branches  
Spread themselves abroad, like reefs of coral  
In the Red Sea of the winter sunset.

From the hundred chimneys of the village,  
Like the Afreet in the Arabian story,  
Smoky columns  
Tower aloft into the air of amber.

At the window twinkles the flickering fire-light;  
Here and there the lamps of evening glimmer,  
Social watch-fires,  
Answering one another through the darkness.

On the hearth the lighted logs are glowing,  
And, like Ariel in the cloven pine-tree,  
Groans and sighs the air imprisoned in them.

By the fireside there are old men seated,  
Sitting sadly  
Of the Past what it can never restore them.

By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,  
Building castles fair with stately stairways,  
Asking blindly  
Of the Future what it cannot give them.

By the fireside tragedies are acted  
In whose scenes appear two actors only,  
Wife and husband,  
And above them God, the sole spectator.

By the fireside there are peace and comfort,  
Wives and children with fair, thoughtful faces,  
Waiting, watching  
For a well-known footstep in the passage.

Each man's chimney is his Golden Mile-  
stone—  
Is the central point from which he measures  
Every distance  
Through the gateways of the world around him.

In his farthest wanderings still he sees it;  
Hears the talking flame, the answering night-  
wind,  
As he hears them

When he sat with those who were, but are not.  
Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead!

We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptu-  
res,  
But we cannot  
Buy with gold the old associates.

### HOME-MADE PROVERBS.

BY REV. V. M. SIMONS.

We all stand in the shadows of  
great names.

I am not able to persuade myself  
that life is a closed sea.

A false shame indicates a false  
life.

Genius is the miracle of working  
with nothing.

Real greatness is seen in attention  
to trifles.

Those who are very low down may

be trodden out; those who are very  
high up may fall. An average eleva-  
tion is the best.

The meanness of a false friendship  
is that while it looks like cheese it is  
chalk.

*Mihi cura futuri.* Not so. My  
anxiety is for the present. Good liv-  
ing has no to-morrows.

Calmness and courage are born of  
the consciousness of rectitude.

Sin, by its own weight, crushes us  
to death.

Time is an "eternal now" of op-  
portunity.

The richest capital is industry; the  
surest income economy.

But that we know ourselves to be  
homeward bound, the sea-sickness of  
the voyage would be unendurable.

Self-made destiny, when settled, is  
unalterable. Two and two can never  
be more nor less than four.

It is better to die young than live to  
be disgraced.

The prevailing unchristian doctrine  
of self-preservation has delayed incal-  
culably the progress of mankind.

Never be entreated nor bribed to  
disobey your conscience.

A spirit of self-seeking is incompat-  
ible with "the mind of Christ."

An indifferent ambition aims at  
nothing and hits it.

Trample under foot the miserable  
doctrine that the shoemaker must  
never go beyond his last, and go as  
far as you can.

Look in every cup before you drink  
from it.

There are two kinds of poetry:  
One is the patter of barefoot children  
on the stairs, heard at no great dis-  
tance, but delightful to listen to; the  
other is the tread of slipped maid-  
ens or booted men, the noise of which  
goes far into the world. Between  
them there is much of the lazy and  
the lame.

After all, it will be no great misfor-  
tune to us should we go out of this  
world without having seen London.

The hand-writing of fools is not al-  
ways attractive, but it is always con-  
spicuous.

The nearest earthward boundary of  
hell is the grog-shop, and the devil's  
nearest relative is the grog-vender.

I cannot say that persons who do  
good deeds are bad.

### BESIDE THE SEA.

A little blossom by the sea  
All temptest thou looked up to me  
And shook its bright head smilingly:  
"I will love, I will live,  
And be glad in the world,  
Thou' the sweetest part be gone."

The stone was cold, the sea waves beat  
In endless surge about her feet,  
But still I heard the winds repeat:  
"I will love, I will live,  
And be glad in the world,  
Thou' the sweetest part be gone."

By the sea, the barren sea,  
Thou' the heart's heart rebelliously,  
I breathe, O life, a song to thee:  
"I will love, I will live,  
And be glad in the world,  
Thou' the sweetest part be gone."

Selected.

### MARY E. PITMAN.

In the *Heavenly Woman's Friend*  
for December, I read with moistened  
eyes and heart swelling with mingled  
emotions, a brief notice of Mary Eliza-  
beth Pitman, lately deceased, and  
one of the mission family of the M.  
E. Church in India.

At its origin the writer heard with  
great delight of the formation of the  
Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society,  
believing it would be of incalculable  
advantage to the missionary cause  
and meet a want long and deeply felt.

All honor to those noble women who  
planned it and braved the pecuniary  
hazard and possible failure of the en-  
terprise!

The individual case herein alluded  
to justifies the following explanation:  
The history of little Mary, as we fondly  
called her, is but little known. In  
1865, a proposition was made in the  
County Street Sabbath-school of this  
city to adopt an orphan girl in India,  
and support her at the Girls' Orphan-  
age in Bareilly. The proposition was  
accepted; the name of Mary E. Pit-  
man to be given, in memory of a  
daughter of a member of the school.

A child was taken by the managers  
of the Orphanage and the above name  
given her; her native name signified  
a diamond. A fearful famine caused  
by drought swept over the province  
of northern India at the time in which  
multitudes in huts and in the field  
died of starvation, among whom was  
Mary's father. Her mother, being  
very poor, sold her for a few shillings  
to a man who intended to bring her  
up for the vilest purposes. The  
transaction coming to the knowledge  
of a sepoy (a police officer), he re-  
sued her from his hands and carried  
her to the Orphanage. Overburdened  
as they already were to the utmost  
limit of their means, they could not  
cast off the helpless waif. Miss  
Sparks, who at the time was matron,  
speaks of her as "a little, half-fam-  
ished child, an orphan." Mrs. Hos-  
kins, connected with our school at  
Budaon, speaks of her as being, in

1865, a young timid girl, inexperi-  
enced in the way of the world, but de-  
sirous to do what she could to make  
it better.

Not long after she was received at  
the Orphanage, the writer was highly  
gratified by receiving from her the  
following letter written by herself in  
the Urdu character with a transla-  
tion by another hand, which subse-  
quently was followed by several others:

"MY DEAR SIR: Be it known unto  
you that I am well, and hope also  
that you are well. I think a good  
deal about you. I am sorry that my  
dear sister, Mary Elizabeth, is dead.  
At first as I remember I lived with  
my father and mother, all was well,  
but the famine came and my father  
died; then my mother sold me to a  
man from whom I endured much  
trouble; at last a sepoy (a police-  
man) took me and brought me here,  
where by God's mercy I am living  
well. I pray for and love you who  
are so kind to me. I hope that when  
we depart from this world we shall  
meet in heaven. The gentleman and  
lady with whom I live take good care  
of me. I have learned to read, so  
that now I am studying the second  
books, and also the multiplication  
table. I am trying every day to  
learn. I am very thankful to you  
for your letter and for the look of  
dear sister Mary Elizabeth's hair. My  
heart was filled with pleasure on  
receiving it, and I send you many  
thanks. And now, dear sir, receive  
my *salam* with those of all the sisters  
here."

MARY E. PITMAN.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were  
in charge of the Orphanage when the  
child was received. On account of  
the failure of her health, Mrs. T. was  
obliged to return home for a season,  
and was succeeded by Miss Sparks.

To Mrs. Thomas a debt of gratitude  
is due which cannot be paid in this  
world. The Urdu characters in the  
letter sent on are beautifully formed,  
clear and distinct, and the lines  
straight and regular. Her subsequent  
letters breathe the same sweet spirit,  
fragrant with love, showing that  
while she was diligent in her studies,  
she was also proficient in the school  
of Christ. The Orphanage had been  
frequently visited by influences of the  
Holy Spirit of which Mary had par-  
taken. She writes this after the visit  
of Rev. Wm. Taylor:—

"I am better than I used to be be-  
cause I am learning more, and trying  
harder to walk in the way to heaven.  
Dear Mem Sahib, I have good news  
to tell you. A very good man—  
Padre Wm. Taylor, Sahib—has been  
here and preached to us, and we all  
like him very much, for his preach-  
ing was very profitable to us. We  
have also received great blessing since  
he came among us, and love each  
other more than ever. We have 140  
in our school, and they all love you  
and send their *salams* to you. Re-  
ceive mine from your affectionate  
girl."

MARY ELIZABETH PITMAN.

She often speaks of her thankfulness  
for being taken from her degraded  
state and placed under Christian  
influences where she was taught of  
the Redeemer.

About 1875, a young native  
preacher sought her hand, which she  
yielded him with the warm and pure  
affections of her young virgin heart.

They went to reside at Budaon, the  
young man's home. "She had the  
best of loving care in the home of her  
husband." They were blessed with  
one son, who lived eighteen months,  
and from the day of his death her  
health began to fail. She struggled  
to be cheerful and to make those  
around her happy, but the women  
around her used to say the blow had  
struck her heart. She sweetly ac-  
cepted God's will, saying, "My baby  
is happy, and I shall see him by and  
by." Her home cares became too  
heavy for her, and she gradually gave  
them up to others. She had had the  
charge of two schools, besides zenana  
visiting. Her heart still yearned over  
those she had been trying to instruct  
in the Christian way, and she often  
sent them loving messages. It was  
thought a change of air might bene-  
fit her, and for a time it seemed to,  
but she continued to sink. In reply  
to a suggestion that she might get  
well again, she said, "It may be  
God's will that I should get better  
and work a little longer for Him.  
His will be done. I am content." At  
one time, seeing her husband weep-  
ing, she said to him, "Do not weep,  
beloved, I am going to leave you; but  
the Comforter will be with you. I  
have been a weak, unworthy child,  
but my heavenly Father forgives all  
my unworthiness for the sake of His  
dear Son, Jesus Christ. My trust is  
in Him."

The last scene is thus described by  
Mr. Hoskins: "So quiet and peace-  
ful were her last moments that we  
hardly knew when her breath ceased.  
I had but just left her when a mes-  
sage came that her spirit had depart-  
ed. I returned. She was lying with  
closed eyes, when she suddenly looked  
up with a bright smile, and endeav-  
ored to raise her hands, and was no  
more on earth."

Farewell, sweet child, child of our  
affections, object of our care and

prayers, thou art gone; but thy name  
and memory shall live in our hearts  
till we all shall be called to our re-  
ward. Farewell, sweet one!

New Bedford, Mass. B. P.

LITTLE MABEL'S PRAYER.

BY CARRIE J. BRIDGEMAN.

In low, sweet tones the baby whispered,  
"Father, up in heaven so far,  
Kiss papa for baby Mabel,  
And remember poor mamma;  
For she is so sick and lonely,  
Now dear papa's gone away,  
Won't you bring him back to Mabel?"  
Could the Father say her nay?

Pleadingly the voice grows fainter,  
Little Mabel's eyes grow dim,  
As she sings so very softly,  
Whispering low the evening hymn,—  
"Now I lay me down to slumber,  
Pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."  
And the hands are meekly folded,  
And the child is fast asleep.

Did the angels whisper sadly,  
In the Father's home so bright,  
Mabel's prayer of childish utterance,  
That the air grows strangely bright?  
The sweet voice of Mabel darling  
Seems to echo up to God;  
And the form of little Mabel  
Lies now 'neath the winter's sod.

For Young and Old.

Only Fun.

"Mamma: 'Why, Poppet, all these  
apples are bitten. Have you touched them?'  
Poppet: 'No, ma. But it froze last night,  
and p'aps—p'aps they're frost-bitten!'"

"A correspondent writes to a paper to  
know what is good for cabbage worms. The  
editor replies: 'Bless your soul, man, cab-  
bage, of course. A good, plump cabbage,  
will last several worms a week!'"

"Johnnie, what is a noun?" "Name  
of a person, place or thing." "Very good; give  
an example." "Hand-organ grinder." "And  
why is a hand-organ grinder a noun?" "Be-  
cause he's a person plays a thing."

"There is nothing so charming as the in-  
nocence of children." "Mamma," said a







## THE WEEK.

## DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, December 30.

The loss by the fire in this city on the 28th, will not exceed one million.

Gov. Garcelon declines to submit ex-Gov. Morrill's questions to the Supreme Court, on the ground that they had already been adjudicated upon.

Gov. Van Zandt has declined the Russian mission.

The Empress Eugenie proposes to time her visit to Zululand so as to reach there about June 1, the anniversary of her son's death.

Gen. Roberts has re-occupied the citadel of Cabul, and the Afghans are suing for peace.

Wednesday, December 31.

A Spanish waiter attempted to assassinate King Alfonso yesterday, but missed his aim. He was promptly arrested.

Gen. Grant and party left Washington yesterday to go to Havana. Gen. Sheridan accompanied him.

The arms were removed from the Bangor arsenal to Augusta yesterday. No resistance was offered, but the bells were tolled while the arms were en route to the station.

"Castle Stewart," the elegant residence of ex-Senator Stewart in Washington, was burned yesterday.

The Postmaster General is doing his best to break up New York swindlers who figure under the role of brokers, and dupe thousands of people by their advertisements. Postal money orders addressed to them will not be paid, and registered letters will not be delivered.

A mysterious tragedy occurred in this city yesterday, a mother, Mrs. Helen J. Ward, being killed by her daughter, while the latter was, presumably, in a somnambulist condition.

Thursday, January 1.

The eccentric character known as Count Johannes died in New York Tuesday.

Senator Houston, of Alabama, a veteran Congressman, is dead.

Disarmament of the European powers has been acted upon thus far by Austria alone.

Some twenty-five men are quarantined in the State House at Augusta. Gov. Garcelon and his council have yielded a point, and will submit questions to the Supreme Court.

Friday, January 2.

Gen. Grant was warmly received at Beaufort, S. C., yesterday.

Governor Cornell, of New York, was indicted into office yesterday.

Nearly 2,000 hatters in Reading, Pa., are on a strike.

New York city's municipal expenses for the present year are estimated at \$28,000,000.

The gold and silver mines of Colorado turned out the past year \$11,477,046.

Saturday, January 3.

The public debt decreased in December \$4,251,217.

Serious floods on the Seine and Danube are reported.

Farnell and Dillon, the Irish agitators, arrived in New York yesterday.

The Chicago pork packers, now on a strike, assaulted the non-union men yesterday, and drove them from their work.

Ex-Governor Chamberlain of Maine was yesterday qualified as Major General of Militia of that State.

M. de Freycinet, the new (Protestant) Prime Minister of France, replied to a flattering message from the Vatican, than which cherishing no hostility towards the Catholic religion, he wished to remove it from too close contact with political affairs.

Monday, January 5.

A revolution has occurred in Peru. Gen. Prado has fled, and Pierola is proclaimed dictator.

Catholic parochial schools have been decreed by Bishop McCloskey for the diocese of Louisville, Ky.

The count-out in Maine has been condemned by the Supreme Court, to the overwhelming disapproval of the plotters.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Milan.—The M. E. Church in this place had a very enjoyable Christmas gathering at the church on the evening of Dec. 25. The literary exercises and singing passed off creditably. Two trees well laden with presents, graced the platform. The pastor's family were each and all remembered by many useful gifts, among which was an envelope containing a sum of money.

The same evening the people of West Milan had a similar gathering. The next day the pastor received tokens of kindly remembrance from them also, among which was a pair of hose knit by a man 81 years old, and an elegant scarf. The pastor, Rev. N. Flisk, wishes the friends in both places to accept his warmest thanks for these and all other favors received during the months of this Conference year.

Warren.—Brother Joseph Bixby, while driving to church on the 9th of November, was thrown from his carriage and had his fractured leg. He lingered on in much pain until Dec. 21. By his will he has left \$400 to the M. E. Church in this place, \$150 to the M. E. Missionary Society, and \$150 to the Preachers' Aid Society. c. w. d.

The following resolutions were passed April 12, 1879, by the N. H. Conference concerning collections for the Kossuth Cause:—

Resolved, 1. That as ministers of the N. H. Conference we will welcome to our pulpits any representative of our Church at Keene, and in every reasonable way further his endeavors to raise among our charges funds for the relief of our interests in that city.

2. That in case no representative of that Church appears, we will take a collection in its interests. S. C. QUIMBY, Sec.

Glenning.—The High Street M. E. Church of Great Falls, on which for some time the workmen have been engaged, approaches completion and will be re-dedicated Jan. 22. The improvements made are very extensive. There is now a fine suite of vestries, with all the conveniences for social gatherings, and good judges are freely declaring that the new audience-room is the finest in the State. The dedicatory sermon will be preached by Rev. J. A. M. Chapman, D. D., at 2.30 p. m., and Rev. J. R. Day, of Nashua, will preach in the evening.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday-School Board of the Main Street M. E. Church of Nashua, held Dec. 29, a new departure was made and a lady was chosen superintendent. The person honored is Miss Annie E. Russell, a teacher in the Nashua schools, and a young lady of this accomplished. She will be well seconded by several assistants. This school is claimed by some to be the largest in the State. It is certainly one of the largest, and the position of superintendent is one of much responsibility. The man who for three years has served in this place, and with great

success—W. J. Cooper, esq.—positively declined a re-election. May the new administration have the largest success!

The M. E. Church at Amherst, having been very thoroughly repaired and re-fitted, was dedicated Dec. 30. It is now a very neat and attractive edifice. The cost of the improvements is about \$1,400, and nearly the whole amount has been paid. To the pastor, Rev. Mr. Dille, great credit is due, and that "elect lady," Mrs. Charles Richardson, has also been indefatigable in her labor to make this undertaking a success. There was a good gathering of former pastors and friends on the day of the dedication. Rev. J. R. Day, of Nashua, preached the sermon. His theme was "The Wonderfulness of Christ," and the sermon was very able and eloquent. Rev. G. W. Rutland, Rev. C. H. Chase and others took part in the services. Another service was held in the evening.

Rev. Abel Manning, a Congregational minister, died at Goffstown recently, aged 93 years. He had been retired from the ministry for some years.

Rev. R. B. Moody, Baptist, of Milford, preached his farewell sermon on a recent Sabbath, and has become pastor of the Second Baptist Society of Lawrence, Mass. During his six years' pastorate at Milford he was very successful. There was a net gain of \$9 in the church membership.

Rev. G. W. Grover, of Concord, was installed pastor of the Pilgrim Congregational Church of Nashua, Dec. 31. His pastorate begins very auspiciously. The society is strong and flourishing, and the call he received was very unanimous and flattering.

The Gilman church prospers under the pastorate of Rev. James Cairns. The church edifice has been much improved by the building of better chimneys, placing the orchestra on the right of the pulpit, and giving the walls a beautiful tint.

Rev. J. L. Felt, of Franklin Falls, is cheered by increasing congregations. The church has improved its facilities for hearing.

Rev. J. W. Adams has recently given his lecture-poem, "Axe to Grind," at Hooksett and at Goff's Falls.

Services have been resumed in the vestry of the church at Tilton. Rev. N. M. Bailey has one of the finest audiences in this part of the State. A first-class fresco has nearly completed the ornamentation of the walls of the audience-room, which will be occupied early in the new year.

Rev. F. H. Corson, of Boston University, supplied the church at North Monro during the summer. Rev. John English, of Newbury, Vt., is filling out the balance of the year.

The church at East Tilton has prevailed upon Rev. D. W. Davis to re-consider his determination to go West this winter.

Rev. C. J. Fowler has become so interested in his charge at Bethlehem that he has but little time and less inclination for evangelistic work abroad. He is well adapted to the regular work, and Providence may yet lead him into it.

Rev. John Wesley, a local preacher, and reputed to be a direct descendant of Charles Wesley, is supplying the pulpit at Carroll where he has seen several souls converted.

Rev. L. T. Townsend, D. D., lately lectured at Tilton on "The Fate of Repentance." Dr. T. is always appreciated there.

L. B. Weeks, esq., of the Lakeside House (Wiers), is spending the winter at Charleston, S. C.

Dr. J. H. Vincent lately lectured at Tilton on "That Boy." That boy and his parents would like to hear him again.

The New Hampshire Conference Seminary is having prosperity under the presidency of Rev. S. E. Quimby. The number in attendance upon the winter term is larger than during the fall.

The presiding elder of Concord district has inaugurated a series of evangelistic preachers' meetings in the northern part of the State, which in every case thus far have resulted in promoting more or less of revival interest.

The first was held at Milan with Rev. N. Flisk, since which from fifteen to twenty in that community have manifested a desire for salvation. The second was held with Rev. J. H. Brown (who had well prepared the way) which in spite of stormy weather greatly quickened the ministry and church and is still bringing forth good fruit. The third was held with Rev. J. Crowley at Jefferson, which resulted in intensifying the revival spirit there and in bringing souls to Christ. The fourth will be held with Rev. A. B. Russell at Stratford, Jan. 5-8; and the fifth will be held at Groveton with Rev. C. E. Rodgers. The preachers cheerfully and with mutual profit assist each other in these services. The essays held with Rev. J. Crowley at Jefferson, which resulted in intensifying the revival spirit there and in bringing souls to Christ. The fourth will be held with Rev. A. B. Russell at Stratford, Jan. 5-8; and the fifth will be held at Groveton with Rev. C. E. Rodgers. 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